

# PEARY EXPLAINS IN DETAIL HOW HE HOPES TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

Will Form a Colony of Esquimaux in Greenland.

NEXT YEAR MOVE NORTH.

By W. H. Gilmer.

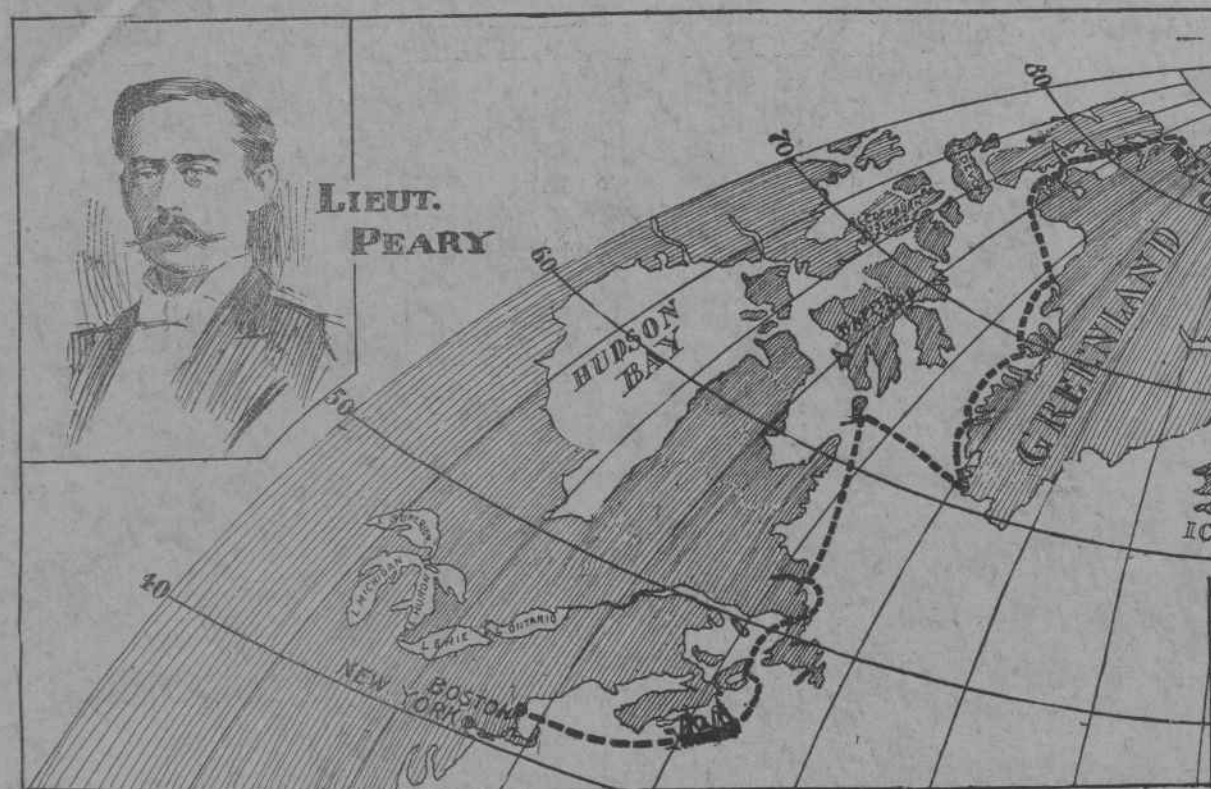
PEARY sat in his comfortable apartment on Brooklyn Heights yesterday afternoon, surrounded by hand-picked Arctic troops, and talked about his proposed expedition to make a sure thing of reaching the North Pole, even if the effort should extend over ten years and cost \$150,000.

He secured a five years' leave of absence from the navy, and a promise of the necessary financial backing. The general plan, so far as already formulated, has the endorsement of the officers of the American Geographical Society and of the American Museum of Natural History; so that he can now give his attention to the details of his work.

His plan, as developed in the course of our conference, should meet the views of all who are interested in the solution of the polar problem, for it embodies the so-called "station plan," popular with all laymen in Arctic work, and a dash, with light sledges and skilled Esquimaux drivers, over the shortest line possible to the apex of the earth as the crowning effort.

Peary, during the twelve or fifteen years that he has devoted to the study and demonstration of Arctic problems, has become convinced that the proper way to travel in Arctic lands is already known to the natives of that part of the world, and that success can be achieved by following their methods and with their aid than by endeavoring to apply to the conditions existing in the North the modes in use in lower latitudes. Said he yesterday: "The nearer you adapt yourself to the mode of life of the Esquimaux the more comfortable you will be in their country. Their dress is better fitted to the climate than woolen clothes and a snow house is warmer and more convenient than any tent you could use there in winter."

A case of "Do as Romans Do." Lieutenant Schwilke expressed the same idea to me when we first went to live among the Esquimaux and to travel in their land.



The Route Lieutenant Peary Will Take to Reach the North Pole.

"We will find it much easier," said he, "to become savages ourselves than to civilize the savage, and by carrying out this style of living in the North we soon become acclimated, and found raw meat and blubber good food in cold weather."

"I propose," said Lieutenant Peary, "to take some of the Esquimaux living around Whale Sound, whom I know personally from several years' sojourn in their midst, and colonize them on the Greenland coast further north. You know from your own experience that if they have their families with them and the assurance of plenty to eat, they will be contented anywhere on the Greenland coast without regard to latitude. And how much more valuable are their services there than would be the best of our untrained white men. When it

comes to driving dogs and handling sledges in rough ice, did you ever see any white man who could compare in skill with any Esquimaux?"

"I had to admit that I never had seen one, and added that I had as much faith in the skill of the Esquimaux sledge driver as he had, and that my faith was born of experience. I recalled many instances when my Esquimaux dog drivers had sent me with a guide ahead on arriving upon hummocky ice, when it seemed an impossibility to take a sled, and I had found it almost impossible to keep out of the way of the dogs that followed swiftly at our heels."

"Take Nansen's experience, for instance," said Peary. "If he had had such dog drivers as you know among your

Esquimaux assistants, don't you think he could have made two miles for every one he actually did accomplish?"

Will Have Proved a Help to Nansen.

Of this fact I could have no doubt, and this alone would have been sufficient advantage to have taken him to the pole and back to Franz Josef Land under such conditions as he found to prevail. He would then have been relieved of all care of the sledging and could have walked along with his splendid stride with the full assurance that his camp equipment would not be far behind him. Then, too, they know how to adapt themselves to adverse conditions and how to overcome obstacles that would appear insurmountable to white men."

"You know," said Peary, "how the Esquimaux is trained to sledge work. The first toy the baby has is a dog whip,

and when he sits naked on his mother's lap his earliest sport is to practise with his little whip on the puppies."

This seemed to take me back to my life among the Iwlik tribe, of North Hudson's Bay, and my own feeble efforts to learn the art of snapping an overcoiler, with its handle of eighteen inches and a lash of from fifteen to twenty-five feet. Some Polar expeditions have taken two or three Esquimaux men to the far north in order to utilize their skill as dog drivers, but in every case they have had great trouble to make these savage auxiliaries contented as the months rolled by and they began to feel the loneliness of their condition, separated so long from their homes and families. Their domestic ties are very strong and they feel separation much more keenly than do white people, with their superior education and greater resources for amusement and occupation. Hall, Hayes, Greely and others have told how sometimes their Esquimaux assistants have become temporarily insane, and have started back to reach their homes, though the distance was so great that they would certainly have perished had they not been pursued and brought back. It was not insupportable to those poor fellows; it was simply homesickness."

Peary proposes to take the families of his assistants with them and keep them at the stations, where the women will be found of inestimable value in making and mending the kin clothing, which is the ideal outfit for Arctic winter weather.

"Don't you think that skin clothing is better than woolen for use in the North?" he asked me.

"Most decidedly," I replied. "There is

no kind of civilized cloth that produces so much warmth with so little weight."

"That is my opinion, too," said the lieutenant, "and it is based on my personal experience. When Nansen and others say that woolen clothing is better than skin, they do not know; they have not used skin clothing or they would have found how vastly superior it is. I say, again, that the nearer we approach the Esquimaux methods, in their country the better we are off."

His Plans in a General Way.

"Have you decided upon your plan of work as yet?"

"Only in a general way. As I have already stated in the Journal, I shall make a preliminary trip this summer to the neighborhood of my old headquarters in Whale Sound to select from among my friends there the hunters and families to take North with me next year. I have the confidence of these people, and I also know I can depend upon them. They will have a year to make a collection of walrus and reindeer meat and skins for clothing, and they will be assembled at a point to be established, when I arrive next year, so as to cause as little delay at that time as possible. I will then endeavor to push as far north as Sherazal Osborne Fjord, and there establish my permanent camp, which may be reached each year by a relief ship."

"During next summer, and when possible later in the season, I will work northward and leave caches or stations at prominent points, and my final station will be at the last point of land I find. This, of course, has not yet been reached, as when Brainerd and Lockwood reached their farthest point, north they say the land still stretched away toward the northeast. From that station I shall make my dash for the pole, and should be back with good weather and good luck. I may be able to return home in the fall of 1899. But you know how uncertain the conditions are for the north, and if I do not find them favorable in 1899 I will have to wait another year, and may be another and another. But I shall remain until I do get an opportunity, no matter how long it takes."

"I don't suppose you will attempt to locate any stations on the ice after you reach the northern limit of land?"

"No; what use would they be? I believe that the ice will melt, and is constantly moving, just as it moves further south."

Places His Faith in Native Followers and Dogs.

A DASH FOR THE POLE.

That is the obstacle in the way of carrying out the popular idea of continuing stations to the very Pole itself.

Mrs. Peary Will Go for a Year.

"Will you take your own family with you?"

"Mrs. Peary will accompany me this year, but will not go with the expedition next year."

"I see that on this map you have marked your route as stopping at Resolution Island. What do you put in there for?"

"To leave one of the scientific parties who accompany me this year. I leave one in Labrador and another in South Greenland and shall pick them up when I return from Whale Sound in September. By the by, I think these yearly trips of the ship that takes my party north, and that will return each year while I am there, will afford an excellent opportunity for these scientific excursionists, an opportunity not to be neglected by them, and will add much to the interest of the expeditions."

Lieutenant Peary said he had not yet selected the ship for this year's journey, for it was difficult, sometimes, to find just what you want. In the Spring the Navy foundland ships and the Scotch whalers from Dundee engage in sealing in the ice along the Labrador coast, and in order to make a paying voyage they pound their vessels into the pack in apparently the most reckless manner. Then, when they get out, they find the vessels are too badly shattered, they go north on whaling voyages. Recently the whaling voyages have not been very successful, and the Dundee steam whalers go directly back to Scotland. Lieutenant Peary expects to be able to secure the vessel for this year's voyage within a few days.

This is, in brief, Lieutenant Peary's plan as far as determined, and the reasons for its adoption that have suggested themselves during his long continued and successful Arctic experience, and there is to-day much greater faith in its eventual success than there was in his early proposal to cross Greenland and the North Pole in a few years. This trip had been tried so often by men of vast experience in Arctic and glacier traveling that it was regarded as a visionary project. It was not until he made the effort seriously his success was so wonderful that people were amazed. Now, that he has decided to attempt it, he should return in 1899 with the North Pole dangling at his belt.

## HER HANDSHAKE WORTH \$3,000,000

So Said a Princeton Freshman Whom Mrs. Cleveland Had Greeted.

ALL STUDENTS PRESENTED.

Informal Reception Arranged by President Patton in the Old University Town.

Students of Princeton adore Mrs. Cleveland, and they proved it yesterday and last night by singing songs. The wife of the former President of the United States stood with him in the house of President Patton, at Princeton, on the grounds of the university in Princeton, while long lines of collegians filed slowly by them. It was an informal reception arranged by President Patton. He took this method to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland to the students.

It was in the drawing room of the president's house at picturesque Prospect that the introduction took place. Mr. Cleveland stood near the door in the drawing room. He was dressed in his customary black. Close to his side stood his charming wife, his normal school girl bride, whom he found in Buffalo. Mrs. Cleveland was a symphony in lavender, even to a dainty little hat which she wore, and which was trimmed with ribbons of the same color.

Mrs. Cleveland was never more attractive than she was yesterday. She held out her hand to the students, and shook each one that was extended to her, and her clasp was warm and honest. Mr. Cleveland also shook hands. He said "Good afternoon," "Good to see you," and so on, while the students smiled and bowed their heads reverently, but for Mrs. Cleveland, all what eyes of adulation. She was all attention. To each student she gave a separate greeting, to each a separate smile.

"Wish you much prosperity in your career," she said to one. "Good fortune to you," she called to a tall fellow who towered over her and the former president; "may you never fail in what you undertake."

Then came a little fellow—Freshman Wyckoff. He was somewhat shy, but he

did not hesitate when the hand of the former first lady of the land was extended to him, and he grasped it.

"That handshake," said Wyckoff, "was worth \$3,000,000, and I would have given it cheerfully if I had the money. It was a treat. It was a revelation. All wore simply what they happened to have on at the time. Of course the seniors came first, and they were followed by the juniors and sophomores and the rolling-line miscellaneous youngsters in the freshmen department of old Nassau. And last night you should have heard the seniors sing. Songs that were full of sentiment—songs that Mrs. Cleveland did not hear, but of which she was for the nonce the source of inspiration. After it was all over the former President and his wife left the university grounds in their carriage and were driven to their handsome old colonial mansion on picturesque Bayard avenue. If any one doubts the popularity of Mrs. Cleveland at Princeton they should drop into that pretty town any night and hear how the students sing. She is their queen; she is the goddess who not only takes a personal interest in everything they do, but sends notes to the men on occasions of athletic importance in which she wishes them 'Good luck.' One such note was received yesterday from her by the captain of the gun club of the university. Unfortunately, however, the massive did not prove a mascot, for the gun club was defeated in its match."

TRAMPS ON THE WARPATH.

Fourteen Hoboes Make a Vicious Attack on a Party of Railroad Laborers at Port Chester.

A gang of fourteen tramps attacked Section Foreman Timothy Callahan, of the New York & New Haven Railroad, and six of his laborers at East Portchester, on the Sound, early yesterday morning, and after a fierce battle the railroad men were forced to flee for their lives. The pan-handlers had boarded a freight train at Stamford and rode as far as East Port Chester without being discovered. When the freight yards at the latter place were reached the tramps routed the tramps with clubs.

The whole gang then started down the tracks toward Port Chester. When the hoboes reached the spot where Callahan and his men were repairing the track they halted and made demands for their tools and money. The foreman told them to move on or he would use a pick on their heads. This was a signal for a general outbreak. The tramps used knives and clubs to good advantage, while the track repairers endeavored to use crow-bars and picks without much success.

The railroad men managed to get behind a pile of ties and started to stone the hoboes. For several minutes the air was full of flying bowlers. Finally the tramps shouted "Surrender, or we will kill you all," and at the same time let go a shower of rocks which hit several of the laborers. Then the latter decided they were getting the worst of the battle and retreated. Later a posse was organized under Sheriff Fitzroy and after a brief encounter four of the tramps were captured. The others escaped.

## CROWDS SAW A SPARROW SAVED.

Little Bird Had Become Entangled with a Piece of Twine.

WAS CHOKING TO DEATH.

Hung Fluttering from the Elevated Structure on Third Avenue.

A wee little sparrow was rescued from an ignoble death yesterday afternoon by a daring young man, whose pre-eminence in other walks of human activity makes him blushing decline to figure in print as the unselfish hero of this tale.

Fourteenth street at 3:30 p. m. was crowded with a busy, bustling crowd of men, women and children. A little barefootedurchin rushed up the steps of the elevated station at Third Avenue and shouted to the ticket agent: "A sparrow is trying to hang itself from the station."

"Pete," the colored porter, ran out, and to his surprise saw a bird swinging to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum. Around its neck was a thick piece of twine, which was caught to the woodwork of the station, directly beneath the ticket agent's window. This part of the station projects a few feet from the frames which support the tracks of the road. It is accessible only by climbing up the pillars and then creeping along the girders. Only an expert in the art of bridge jumping of a trapeze performer could balance himself on this airy precipice.

While "Pete" was wondering how to save the bird a youth wearing a slouch hat, with thespear-like features, bolted through the crowd of gazing spectators, discarded his headgear and coat, and mounted the iron columns with the agility of one accustomed to climbing greased poles. Before the crowd fully realized it, the rescuer was feeling his way along the girders, and in a jiffy was balancing himself with one hand only, a short distance from where the bird had become caught.

"Hand me a pole and tie a knife to it," shouted the fellow to "Pete," "and don't be all day about it, either."

"Pete," standing on the station steps, passed the pole to the rescuer, while below the crowd watched breathlessly. A yell from a thousand throats signaled

the sparrow's liberation, and another shout was a greeting of approval of the hero who saved the bird's life. With an ostentatious simplicity the bird-saver descended from his airy perch, plucked up his coat and hat and made his exit amid the cheers of the multitude.

The explanation of the sparrow's pre-



dicament is this: Its nest was under the window of the ticket agent. In leaving the nest the bird in some way got entangled about its neck and when the sparrow tried to fly away the string caught to the woodwork and the bird was powerless to help itself. A few seconds more and death by hanging would have been its fate.

## EDNA LOVELORN; MAMIE DEFIANT.

The Two Women Who Call Jockey Dunlap Husband Vent Their Woes.

ONE HERE IS IN TEARS.

She Is Convinced That He Has Deserted Her, and Says She Longs to Die.

Edna Dunlap wants to kill herself for love.

Alone and a stranger in New York, she says life holds nothing for her, because she believes she is deserted by the man whose wife she claims to be.

A tragedy of the heart took place at Par-fett's Hotel, near the Morris Park race track, Thursday evening, when Leslie Dunlap, the jockey, said good-by to the pretty girl and went off to Boston to ride Trillion at the races there to-morrow.

She had loved him for five years, and felt that life without him would be too hard. He promised to return to her and their baby boy in Toronto soon, she says, but her heart told her it was their last good-by. He tried to cheer her, he told her of the good times coming, when they would be together again in the cottage, which she had worked to keep, but she could not believe him, for some one had told her he had just married another woman, Mamie Slack, who lives with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Slack, at No. 1523 H street, N. E., Washington.

A few days ago, according to Mrs. Edna Dunlap, a letter came to Leslie signed, "Your devoted wife, Mamie." Armed with this, she sought Mamie's brother, who, she says, acknowledged that his sister was married to Dunlap. Edna came from Canada on Wednesday and learned that Leslie Dunlap was in Washington. She telegraphed him to the Slack residence to return at once, which he did. She says she denied that he was married to Mamie Slack, and urged Edna to go home and not come back here until he sent for her. He told her that he boarded with the Slacks when he was in Washington, and that

Mamie signed herself his wife in fun.

When Leslie Dunlap left her, Edna Dunlap says, he promised to come back, but now she thinks he has deserted her. She is alone at the little hotel up in Westchester, crying for him.

"I don't want to bring him any trouble," she said, "but he must come back to me, or else I shall die."

Love for Dunlap There.

After Leslie Dunlap came to the Spring races at Reenings he met Mamie Slack through her brother. As her mother puts the story: "He came around here and went with Mamie a good deal. I did not like him. One day I heard of Edna Dunlap and asked him why he was coming to see my daughter when he was married."

"That woman has no proof that she is my wife."

"I told Mamie, but as is always the case, they were married on May 6, at No. 1523 Florida avenue, by Rev. Mr. Martin, of the Memorial Church. He went away to Morris Park. This morning I got a letter from my son telling me about Edna. I also got a letter from her sympathizing with us. I just sat down and wrote her a short note telling her if she would give me proof that she was Leslie Dunlap's wife I would give her and him all the satisfaction they wanted. I did not need sympathy. He can not come back here any way."

Mamie Dunlap said for herself: "I had a telegram from Dunlap this morning saying he would be home Tuesday morning. He can just as well stay away. If he is his wife why don't she have him arrested. We will if she will give us proof, no matter where he is or where he goes."

MUSIC IN THE PARKS TO-DAY.

Memorial Day Programmes to be Rendered by the Various Bands.

There will be music this afternoon at 4 o'clock, in Crotona, Cedar, Bronx, St. Mary's, Claremont and Van Cortlandt parks. The band masters have, without exception, prepared programmes suitable to Memorial Day.

The bands which will entertain the annexed New Yorkers are as follows: At Crotona Park, Henry Weber's Military Band; at Cedar Park, Kenn's Metropolitan Band; at Bronx Park, Lind's Band; at St. Mary's, Hager's North Side Band; at Claremont, the Converse's Ninth Regiment Band; at Van Cortlandt, Sause's Military Band.

Special Sale of Fine Coats at \$1.90. This sale is very extraordinary, and it may never occur again. King, the great Clothier, corner Broadway and Park Place, will sell from 8 to 12 o'clock today fine sack and cutaway coats at \$1.90. These coats are left from suits valued at \$15.00 and \$18.00. Now you can buy a sack coat for almost nothing—\$1.90, also men's Derby and Alpha Hats, black, brown and pearl, at \$0.45, worth \$2.00; and a line of men's overalls for men, \$1.29, worth \$2.00; stripes, checks and plaids; and a line of styles at \$1.00, worth \$1.50; only from 8 to 12 o'clock today. King's, the well-known Clothier, corner Broadway and Park Place.—Advt.

## GLOVERS SUED FOR CLUB DEBTS.

Tuxedo Park Association Serves Notice by Publication.

PALTRY \$600 IS INVOLVED.

Action Is Brought Against Augusta, the Wife of John M. Glover, Who Assigned.

The Isells, Kanes, Riveses, Kents and other distinguished members of the Tuxedo Park Association received a shock yesterday when legal notices summoning Augusta P. Glover to defend herself in an action brought by the club officials to recover club dues, etc., from John M. Glover were served by publication.

When Pierre Lorillard founded that exclusive suburban colony yelet Tuxedo he chose his associates with the utmost care. There in turn rigidly scrutinized the social credentials of all who sought admission into the club. The limit was set at four hundred. Among those duly qualified was John M. Glover, a St. Louis lawyer and ex-Congressman, who married the wealthy Callahan and for a time lived here. At Tuxedo the Glover residence was one of the most costly and luxurious. The grounds, buildings and furnishings represented a fair-sized fortune. The entertainments held there were notably brilliant in a colony of admittedly clever hosts and hostesses.

The Glovers are in St. Louis. At least, that is where Mr. Glover Griswold said yesterday he was. Consequently, where no personal service of papers could be made, recourse was had to service by publication. Messrs. Villotson & Kent, the attorneys for the Tuxedo Park Association, procured an order from Justice Van Wyck of the Supreme Court which allowed them to call the Clerk of Orange County, where they desire trial to be held, summoning Mrs. Glover, to whom John Glover had assigned his interest, to answer the complaint by May 25. No appearance having been made in her behalf, judgment will probably be entered by default against her shortly. The most embarrassing feature of the affair is the paltry sum involved. Only a matter of five or six hundred dollars for club dues and a few dollars for the Tuxedo. The Glover cottage has been leased to others. Members of the Tuxedo colony are reluctant to dislodge the suit, but it is hinted that the Glovers were among the coterie of malcontents whose movements nearly disrupted the association two years ago.

## CHAPMAN'S STORY TOLD BY HIMSELF.

The "Sugar Trust" Broker Writes of His Life in Jail and How He Got There, Telling Many New Facts.

"These thoughts are commended to my Wall Street friends and associates who, under similar circumstances, might be called upon to succeed me in these quiet quarters. To them, apprehensive of trouble from constant association with shrewd and, from a business standpoint, merciless men; to them, who guard their securities with time locks, steel bars and private watchmen, I give this word of assurance, that this is the most peaceful, law-abiding community I was ever in."



## A RIDE BEHIND EIGHT HORSES.

A Mile in Three Minutes Made by the Journal's New Woman with an Eight-Horse Team.

"We had reached an almost perpendicular hill, and the downward slope was before us. With no brake on the wagon and no pull on the reins, those eight knowing horses were speeding down the hill, their manes flying, their tails likewise, and we jolting on behind, my heart in my throat and my hat preparing to float into space. Not a word could I utter, so frightened I was, expecting every moment to see the wagon precipitated over the horses' ears."



## THE GREATEST OF DIAMOND MYSTERIES.

The Nizam of Hyderabad Has Just Lost a Gem Worth \$1,500,000, and Julian Hawthorne Tells All About It.

"He accordingly issued his commands to have the diamond reset in a manner to exhibit its featureless perfection to the best advantage."

"The Jeweller in Chief went to the Cabinet—and then there was an uproar."

"The diamond was gone, and in its place reposed a paste imitation, worth about fifteen rupees. One does not envy the lot of the individual to whom it fell to inform his royal master of this mishap. The Nizam reared and stormed."



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